

THE SIN OF GOSSIP.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Denounces the
Whispering of Evil.

AMONG GREAT VILLAINIES.

More Harmful Than Open Sland-
ers. Destroying Good
Names the Worst of
Crimes.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage vigor-
ously arraigns one of the great evils
that have cursed the world and urges
generous interpretation of the charac-
ters of others; text, Romans i, 29,
"Full of envy, murder, debate, deceit,
maligancy—whisperers."

Paul was here calling the long roll of
the world's villainy, and he puts in the
middle of this roll those persons known
in all cities and communities and places
as whisperers. They are so called be-
cause they generally speak undervol-
untarily and in a confidential way to the
side of their mouths, acting as a fun-
nel to keep the precious information
from wandering into the wrong ear.
They speak softly not because they
have lack of lung force or because they
are overpowered with the spirit of gen-
erousness, but because they want to es-
cape the consequences of defamation.
If no one hears but the person whis-
pered unto and the offender be arraigned,
he can deny the whole thing, for whis-
pers are always first class liars.

Some people whisper because they
are hoarse from colds, because they
want to convey some useful information
without disturbing others, but the
creatures photographed by the apostle
in my text give muffled utterance from
sinister and depraved motive, and some-
times you can only hear the sibilant
sound as the letter "S" drops from the
tongue into the listening ear, the brief
his of the serpent as it projects its
venom.

Whisperers are masculine and femi-
nine, with a tendency to privity on
the side of those who are called "the
ladies of creation." Whisperers are
found everywhere of bank cashier
and are heard in all counting rooms as
well as in sewing societies and at meet-
ings of asylum directors and managers.
They are the worst foes of society, re-
sponsible for miseries innumerable; they
are the scavengers of the world, driving
their craft through every community,
and today I hold up for your holy
anathema and execration these whis-
persers.

From the frequency with which Paul
speaks of them under different titles I
conclude that he must have suffered
somewhat from them. His personal
presence was very defective, and that
made him perhaps the target of their
ridicule, and besides that he was a
bachelor, persisting in his celibacy
down into the sixties—indeed, all the
way through—and, some having failed
in their connubial designs upon him,
the little missionary was put under the
raking fire of these whisperers. He
was no doubt a rare morsel for their
scandalization, and he must have kept his
patience very long, and he lays hold
of these miscreants of the tongue and
gives them a very hard setting down in
my text among the scoundrelly and the
murderous. "Envy, murder, debate,
deceit, malignity—whisperers."

The law of libel makes quick and
stout grip of open slander. If I should
in a plain way, calling you by name,
charge you with fraud or theft or mur-
der or uncleanness, tomorrow morning
I might have peremptory documents
served on me, and I would have to pay
in dollars and cents for the damage I
had done your character. But these
creatures spoken of in my text are so
small that they escape the fine tooth
comb of the law. They go on, and they
go on, escaping the judges and the
juries and the penitentiaries. The
district attorney cannot find them, the
sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury
cannot find them. Shut them off from
one route of peridy, and they start on
another. You cannot by the force of
moral sentiment persuade them to de-
sist. You might as well read the Ten
Commandments to a flock of crows, ex-
pecting them to retreat under the force
of moral sentiment. They are to be
found everywhere, these whisperers. I
think their paradise is a country village
where about 1,000 or 2,000 people where
they can be found in large quantities
in our cities.

They have a prying disposition. They
look into the basement windows at the
tables of their neighbors and can tell
just what they have morning and night
to eat. They can see as far through a
keyhole as other people can see with a
doze wide open. They can hear con-
versation on the opposite side of the
room.

Indeed, the world to them is a
whispering gallery. They always put
the worst construction on everything.
Some morning a wife descends into
the streets, her eyes damp with tears,
and that is a stimulus to the tattler and
is enough to set up a business for three
or four weeks. "I guess that husband
and wife don't live happily together. I
wonder if he hasn't been abusing her?"
It's outrageous! He ought to be dis-
ciplined. He ought to be brought up
before the church. I'll go right over to
my neighbors, and I'll let them know
about this matter." She rushes in all
out of breath to a neighbor's house and
says: "Oh, Mrs. Aller, have you heard
the dreadful news? Why, our neigh-
bor, poor thing, came down off the
steps in a flood of tears. That brute of
a husband has been abusing her. Well,
it's just as I expected. I saw him the
other afternoon very smiling and very
gracious to some one who smiled back,
and I thought then I would just go up
to him and tell him he had better go
home and look after his wife and fam-
ily, who probably at that very time were
up stairs crying their eyes out. Oh, Mrs.
Aller, do have your husband go
over and put an end to this trouble! It's
simply outrageous that our neighbor-
hood should be disturbed in this way!
It's awful!"

The fact is that one man or woman
set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep
a whole neighborhood a boil. It does
not require any very great brain to
conceive a conspiracy that the woman
has a small family or no family at all,
because if she have a large family then
she would have to stay at home and
look after them. It is very important
that she be single or have no children
at all, and then she can attend to all
the secrets of the neighborhood all the
time. A woman with a large family
makes a very poor whisperer.

It is astonishing how these whis-
persers gather up everything. They know
everything that happens. There are
phone and telegraph wires reaching
from their ears to all the houses in the
neighborhood. They have no taste for
healthy news, but for the scraps and
peelings thrown out of the scullery into
the back yard they have great avidity.
On the day when there is a new scandal

in the newspapers they have no time to
go abroad. On the day when there are
four or five columns of delightful pri-
vate letters published in a divorce case
she stays at home and reads and reads
and reads. No time for her Bible that
day, but to read night, perhaps, she may
find time to run out a little while and
see whether there are any new develop-
ments.

Satan does not have to keep a very
sharp lookout for his evil dominion in
that neighborhood. He has let out to
her the whole contract. She gets hus-
bands and wives into a quarrel and
brothers and sisters into antagonism,
and she disgusts the pastor with the
flock and the flock with the pastor, and
she makes neighbors who before were
kindly disposed toward each other over-
suspicious and critical, so when one of
the neighbors passes by in a carriage
they hiss through their teeth and say,
"Ah, we could all keep carriages if we
never paid our debts!"

When two or three whisperers get to-
gether, they stir a caldron of trouble,
which makes me think of the three
witches of "Macbeth" dancing around a
boiling caldron in a dark cave:

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owl's wing
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-bell boil and bubble.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark;
Of the great green thick and stark;
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron
For the ingredients of our caldron.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble;
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

I would only change Shakespeare in
this, that when he puts the word
"whisper" I should put the word
"whisperer." Ah, what a caldron! Did you
ever get a taste of it? I have more re-
spect for the poor waif of the street
that goes down under the gaslight with
no home and no God—for she deceives
no one as to what she is—than I have
for these hags of respectable society
who cover up their tiger claws with a
fine shawl and bolt the hell of their
heart with a diamond breastpin.

The work of masculine whisperers is
chiefly seen in the embarrasment of
business. Now, I suppose there are hun-
dreds of men here who at some time
have been in business trouble. I will
undertake to say that in nine cases out
of ten it was the result of some whis-
perser's work. The whisperer uttered
some suspicion in regard to your credit.
You sold your horse and carriage be-
cause you had no use for them, and the
whisperer said: "Sold his horse and
carriage because he had to sell them."
The fact that he sold his horse and car-
riage shows he is going down in busi-
ness.

One of your friends gets embarrased,
and you are a little involved with him.
The whisperer says, "I wonder about
his credit under all this pressure." I
think he is going down. I think he
will have to give up." You borrow
money out of a bank, and the director
whispers outside about it, and after
awhile the suspicion gets fairly started,
and it leaps from one whisperer's lips
to another whisperer's lips until all the
people you owe want their money and
and it right away, and the business
crises come around you like a pack of
wolves, and, though you had assets four
times more than were necessary to
meet your liabilities, crash went
everything. Whisperers! Oh, how
much business men have suffered!

Sometimes in the circles of clergy-
men we discuss why it is that a great
many merchants do not go to church. I
will tell you why they do not go to
church. By the time Saturday night
comes they are worn out with the an-
noyances of business life. They have
had enough meanness practiced upon
them to set their whole nervous system
a-twitch.

I think among the worst of the whis-
persers are those who gather up all the
harsh things that have been said about
you and bring them to you—all the
things said against you, or against your
family, or against your style of busi-
ness. They gather them all up, and
they bring them to you; they bring them
to you in the very worst shape; they
bring them to you without any of the
extenuating circumstances, and after
they have made your feelings all raw,
very raw,

they come and rub it in until it sinks to the
bone. They make you the pinion of
a man who they thrust all the sharp
things they have ever heard about
you. "Now, don't bring me into the
scrape. Now, don't tell anybody I told
you. Let it be between you and me.
Don't involve me in it at all." They
aggravate you to the point of profanity,
and they wonder you cannot sing psalm
tunes! They turn you on a spit before
a hot fire and wonder why you are not
absorbed in gratitude to them because
they turn you on a spit. Peddlers of
nightshade! Peddlers of Canada thistle!
Peddlers of devil's wool! Some-
times they get you in a corner where
you cannot very well escape without
being rude, and then they tell you all
about this one, all about that one, and
all about the other one, and they talk,
talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After
awhile they go away, leaving the place
looking like a barnyard after the foxes
and the weasels have been around; here
a wing, and there a claw, and yonder
an eye, and there a crop. How they
do make the feathers fly!

Rather than the defamation of good
names it seems to me it would be al-
most as honorable and useful if you just
took a box of matches in your pocket
and a razor in your hand and go through
the streets and see how many houses
you can burn down and how many
throats you can cut. That is not a
much worse business. The destruction
of a man's name is worse than the de-
struction of his life. A woman came
in confessional to a priest and told him
that she had been slandering her neigh-
bors. The priest promised her absolu-
tion on condition of her performing a
penance. He gave her a thistle top
and said, "You can take that thistle
and scatter the seeds all over the field."
She went and did so and came back.
"Now," said the priest, "gather up all
those seeds." She said, "I can't."
"Ah," he said, "I know you can't."
Neither can you gather up the evil
words you spoke about your neighbors.
All good men and all good women have
sometimes had detractors after them.
John Wesley's wife whispered about
him, whispered all over England, kept
on whispering about that good man—as
good a man as ever lived—and kept on
whispering until the connubial relation
was dissolved.

Jesus Christ had these whisperers
after him, and they charged him with
drinking too much and keeping bad

company. "A wine bibber and the
friend of publicans and sinners." You
take the best man that ever lived and
put a detective on his track for ten
years, watching where he goes and when
he comes with a determination to dis-
cover everything and to think he goes
here for a bad purpose and there
for a bad purpose, with that determina-
tion of destroying him, at the end of
the ten years he will be held despisable
in the sight of a great many people.

Some people say there is no hell, but
if there be no hell for such a despoiler
of womanly character it is high time
that some philanthropist built one! But
there is such a place established,
and what a time there will have when
the whisperers get down there together
rehearsing things! Everlasting car-
nival of mud. Were it not for the un-
comfortable surroundings you might
suppose they would be glad to get there.
In that region where they are all bad
what opportunities for exploitation by
these whisperers. On earth, to despoil
their neighbors sometimes they had to
lie about them, but down there they
can say the worst things possible about
their neighbors and tell the truth. Ju-
bilee of whisperers, Semihaven of
scandal mongers stopping their gable
about their diabolical neighbors only
long enough to go up to the innkeeper
and ask some new garment from the earth.
"What is the last gossip in the city on
earth where we used to live?"

Now, how are we to war against this
iniquity which curses every community
on earth? First, by refusing to listen
to or believe a whisper. Every court
of the land has for a law and all decent
communities have for a law that you
must hold people innocent until they
are proved guilty. There is only one
person worse than the whisperer, and
that is the man or woman who listens
without protest. The trouble is, I
fear, that while they fill it. The
receiver of the stolen goods is just as
bad as the thief. An ancient writer
declares that a slanderer and a man who
receives the slander ought both to be
hanged—the one by the tongue and the
other by the ear—and I agree with him.

When you hear something bad about
your neighbors, do not go all over and
ask about it, whether it is true and
scatter it and spread it. You might as
well go to a smallpox hospital and take
a patient and carry him all through the
community asking people if they really
thought it a case of smallpox. That
would be very bad for the patient, and
for all the neighbors. Do not act as
slanders and whisperers. Do not make
yourself the inspector of wits, and
the supervisor of caruncles, and the
commissioner for street gutters, and
the holder of stakes for a dog fight.
Can it be that you, an immortal man;
that you, an immortal woman, can find
no better business than to become a
gutter inspector?

Beside that, at your family table vil-
low no detraction. Teach your chil-
dren to speak well of others. Show
them the difference between a bee and a
wasp—the one gathering honey, the other
stinging. Teach them to be kind to
other than their own kind. I read of a
family where they kept what they called
"A Slander Book," and when any
slandorous words were uttered in the
house about anybody or detraction ut-
tered it was all put down in this book.
The book was kept carefully. For the
first few weeks there were a great many
entries, but after awhile there were no
entries at all. Detraction stopped in
that household. It would be a good
thing to have a slander book in all
households.

Are any of you given to this habit of
whispering about others? Let me per-
suade you to desist. Mount Taurus was
a great place for eagles, and they would
cackle fly along that way, and they
would cackle so loud that the eagles
would know of their coming, and they
would pounce upon them and destroy
them. It is said that the old cranes
found this out and before they started
on their flight they would always have
a stone in their mouth so they could
not cackle, and then they would fly in
perfect safety. Oh, my friends, be as
wise as the old cranes and avoid the
folly of the young cranes! Do not
cackle.

If there are people here who are whis-
pered about, if there are people here
who are slandered, if there are people
here who are abused in any circle of
life, let me say for your encouragement
that these whisperers soon run out.
They may do a little damage for awhile
but after awhile their detraction be-
comes a eulogy and people understand
them just as well as though some one
choked all over their overcoat or their
shawl these words: "Here goes a whis-
perer. Run ahead and do your duty, and
God will take care of your reputation.
Do not let him disturb him? You have
a good reputation. Can you not be
content with it? Get down on your knees before
God and settle the whole matter there.
That man whom God takes care of is
well sheltered.

Let me charge you, my friends, to
make right and holy use of the tongue.
It is loose at one end and can swing
either way, but it is fastened at the
other end to the floor of your soul,
and that makes you responsible for the
way it wags. Xanthus, the philoso-
pher, told his servant that on the mor-
row he was going to have some friends
to dine, and told him to get the best
thing he could find in the market. The
philosopher and his guests sat down the
next day at the table. They had nothing
but tongue—four or five courses of
tongue—cooked in this way and that
and tongue cooked in that way, and there
was nothing there but tongue—four or five
courses of tongue—cooked in this shape
and tongue in that shape, and the phi-
losopher again lost his patience and
said, "Didn't I tell you to get the best
thing in the market?" The servant re-
plied, "I did, for isn't the tongue the
organ of blasphemy, the organ of defama-
tion, the organ of lying?"

Oh, my friends, employ the tongue
which God so wonderfully created as
the organ of taste, the organ of delecta-
tion, the organ of articulation to make
others happy and in the service of God!
If you whisper, whisper good—encour-
agement to the fallen and hope to the
lost. Ah, my friends, the time will
soon come when we will all whisper!
The voice will be enfeebled in the last
sickness, and, though that voice could
laugh and shout and sing and halloo un-
til the forest echoes answered, it will be
so feeble then we can only whisper con-
solation to those whom we leave be-
hind and only whisper our hope of heav-
en.

While I speak this very moment
there are hundreds whispering their
last utterances. Oh, when that solemn

hour comes to you and to me, as come
soon it will, may it be found that we
did our best to serve Christ, and to
cheer our comrades in the earthly strug-
gle, and that we consecrated not only
our hand, but our tongue, to God. So
that the shadows that fall around our
dying pillow shall not be the evening
twilight of a gathering night, but the
morning twilight of an everlasting day.
This morning at half past 4 o'clock I
looked out of my window, and the stars
were very dim. I looked out a few mo-
ments after, and the stars were almost
invisible. I looked out an hour or two
afterward. Not a star was to be seen.
What was the matter with the stars?
Had they melted into darkness? No.
They had melted into the glorious light
of a Sabbath morn.

New England's Crime.

The loss of her cotton mill industry
is not the greatest calamity that the fu-
ture has in store for New England.
The greatest calamity is to be found
in her exceedingly low birth rate. An
average of about two children to the
family is the rule among the old New
Englanders. Observers of the decline
of the old New England stock as a re-
sult of this low birth rate declare that
it is only a question of time when the
proliferating French-Canadians will
one day possess New England's rural
districts, while the children of the
Irish and other foreigners will pos-
sess its cities. There is no doubt about
the correctness of this position. Old
New England is passing, and in a few
more decades a new population will have
supplanted the old. This is a patent
fact to all but those who dwell within
the sacred precincts of New England,
but it will become plain to them even
in a few more years. In curtailing the
birth rate the people of New England
have committed a great crime against
their section, and as a punishment their
inheritance will be taken from them
and given to others. The impending
loss of New England should be a warn-
ing to us of the South. We should
earnestly pray that the Malthusian
ontagion may not invade our beau-
tiful South. So touchy a great extent
for many years to come, for should it
do so it will mean that the Negro will
supercede us, as the French-Canadians
are the old New England stock, and in-
herit the land of our fathers. A high
birth rate among the whites of the
South is the easiest and simplest so-
lution of the race problem, that we hear
so much about from time to time. Al-
ready great alarm has been given by
the fact that the blacks were in-
creasing much more rapidly than the
whites. But happily the last census
established beyond question the fact
that the whites are increasing faster
than the blacks in proportion to popu-
lation. Whether this desirable ratio will
be maintained by the census of 1900
and those that follow remains to be
seen. It cannot be doubted that upon
the comparative birth rate of the two
races as determined by investigation
during the next few decades will de-
pend the remote history and welfare
of the southern states. The South
should profit by New England's sad ex-
perience and pray for a high birth rate
among her white people, as therein lies
her only safety from Negro domination
in the distant future.

Cow Thieves Captured.
The Augusta Herald says: "Charles
Jones, colored, was arrested Wednesday
afternoon by Sergeant Norris of the
Augusta police force and Officer Webb.
They arrested him at the instance of
Detective G. B. Kittrell of Orange-
burg county, S. C. The detective ar-
rived here yesterday and had a confer-
ence with the police. He said he had
been charged with the capture of a
man some years ago. Sergeant Norris
and Officer Webb took the trail. They
arrested Jones out near Railroad
avenue about dusk. He was sent to the
station and is there now. He denies
the charge. This morning another
party, who is said to be concerned in
the cow stealing case with Jones, was
arrested by Officer Webb at about the
same place where Jones was apprehended.
His name is nothing less
than Simon Watson of Charleston.
But he was charged with cow stealing.
The first one captured also has the
charge of murder overhanging him.
They will be taken to South Carolina.
There is a bit of uncertainty about the
man Jones being the one wanted for
murder, but he will be taken to Or-
angeburg county and the matter fully
investigated."

Corn Crop Ruined.

The Columbia State says Capt. D. J.
Griffith, superintendent of the peniten-
tiary, returned from the State farm
Tuesday and tells of a bad state of af-
fairs on the bottom lands of the De-
Sausure farm. The young corn on 250
acres has been completely destroyed by
worms, bugs and other pests. He
brought back a number of specimens of
stalks ruined by the depredations of
the worm. The stalks are eaten al-
most through and the leaves are shred-
ded. A few acres on the Reid farm
have suffered in like manner and a
number of neighboring farmers state
that their bottom lands have been vis-
ited by the pests. The uplands have
fared better, and for this reason Col.
Griffith thinks the vermin percolated
in the spring freshets which flooded the
lowlands.

Marriage in the Philippines

The Negritos have a curious mar-
riage custom, says Self Culture. When
a young man makes known his prefer-
ence, the young woman flees from him,
while he gives chase and catches her in
his arms. She struggles and frees her
self whenever the chase is renewed,
and so on until he has caught her the
third time, when she yields, and he
proudly leads her back to her father's
dwelling. The father and mother of
the bride-elect then meet with the con-
tracting parties, the latter kneeling
side by side. The father then takes
some water in a coconut shell and
throws it over them. Continuing the
ceremony, he takes each by the neck
and bumps their heads together several
times, and they are then pronounced
to be duly married. A wedding tour of
five days' journey alone in the moun-
tain follows, after which they take up
their abode as staid citizens among
their friends.

A Thoughtful Act.

Governor McSwenney has obtained
through a Chicago concern a very
handsomely bound scrap book with
containing clippings from all newspapers
in the United States that had anything
to say about the death of his prede-
cessor either in its editorial or news col-
umns. The volume is indeed a hand-
some and valuable one the pages being
admirably fitted for the purpose for
which they are used. Gov. McSwenney
will send the book to Mrs. Ellerbe
with his compliments, having obtained
it for that purpose. Such a volume is
of course invaluable to the family and
no doubt the gift will be most highly
appreciated.

A Fair Exchange.

A Perkins, Okla., bachelor started to
Joplin, Mo., not long ago with a wag-
onload of peanuts, and on the way he
met a widow with seven children. It
was case of a man at right love, and
marrying her the next day, he carried
a wagonload of family back home with
him.

Educational Conference.

The educational conference recently
held at Upson Springs, Va., was a
most important gathering and is engag-
ing the attention of thoughtful men in
all sections of our country. The rep-
resentative character of those who par-
ticipated in the proceedings has left its
impression upon the public mind. The
presiding officer was Dr. J. L. M. Cur-
ry and a list of the leading spirits pres-
ent includes prominent southern edu-
cators and men well known for their
interest in the cause of southern educa-
tion. There was no evidence of any
sectional feeling and those who came
from the north freely recognized that
the chief part of the problem of south-
ern education is to be found in the im-
proper and thorough education of the white
race as the independent and permanent-
ly dominant race. Most of the ad-
dresses and papers, says the Augusta
Chieftain, dealt with only one phase of
the broad subject of education in the
south, but four of them handled the
entire subject with the greatest ability
and calmness. These were the ad-
dresses made by Dr. Curry, President
Wilson, Dr. Dickerman, an President
Baldwin. The first recognized that
the conference, it is believed, above any
similar body that has met in this coun-
try for a generation, if not for the en-
tire period of its history.

Dr. Curry gave a review of the en-
tire field. He showed what the south
had been and what it is, in so far as
to illustrate his claim that the present
condition dates back to the end of the
war. He gave the following data: In
1860 the northern states had a popula-
tion of 19,000,000, 205 colleges
and academies with 1,407 pro-
fessors and 29,044 students. In the
same year the southern states had a
population of 8,000,000, 262 colleges
and universities, with 1,488 professors
and 27,055 students. These are the
figures of the last census before the
war. At the same time the north was
spending for its universities and col-
leges \$1,514,688 and \$4,603,749 for its
academies yearly; and the south was
spending \$1,662,419 for its colleges
and universities and \$1,325,197 for its
academies. The showing is tre-
mendously in favor of the south, and
Dr. Curry said it fully explained the
fact that before the war the great leaders
of men—the Washingtons, Jeffersons,
Madisons, Henrys, Clays, Taylors,
Scotts, etc.—were found in the south,
the product of the southern school sys-
tem. With the war everything sum-
cumbered to the general disaster. Now
the northern colleges and universities
have a productive fund of \$102,721,
491, while the southern colleges and
universities have a productive fund of
\$18,741,000. Under such condi-
tions, said he, it is no wonder that the
south finds herself utterly unable to
keep up with the rapid progress of the
northern states. He also spoke of the
great work that the south has done for
education since the war. In thirty
years it has spent \$500,000,000 in edu-
cational work, \$100,000,000 of which
went for the Negroes, an amount large-
ly in excess of their just proportion, if
the sum had been equally divided be-
tween the two races on any basis what-
ever. Good systems of public school-
ing, he declared, to be the most
original and highest idea yet con-
ceived by the American people, had
been established in every southern
state. This he declared to be the grand-
est work ever accomplished by any peo-
ple in so short a time after so great a
disaster.

An Unqualified Success.

The News and Courier, of Thursday,
says: "Col. Asbury Coward, superin-
tendent of the South Carolina Military
Academy, returned to the city from
Orangeburg Tuesday night, and was
yesterday asked about the encampment
and the prospects of the next session
of the Academy. Col. Coward said
that unquestionably the visit of the ca-
dets to Orangeburg had been one of the
most pleasant incidents in the history
of the school, and he was inclined to
think one of the most useful. The
people of Orangeburg were untiring in
their efforts to make the stay of the
cadets agreeable and they succeeded
most admirably. The cadets,
by their soldierly conduct and
gentlemanly deportment, he was sure,
had made an excellent impression upon
the people of that section, and it was
thus mutually beneficial. In talking
of the next session Col. Coward said
that the future of the Academy seemed
very bright. There were nine bene-
ficiaries admitted at the next term, in
colored counties: Aiken, Anderson,
Clarendon, Greenville, Horry, Newber-
y, Orangeburg, Pickens and Charle-
stons. Blanks of application to enter
competitive examination, can be
obtained from the respective county
superintendents of education. All ap-
plications, fully and clearly made out,
must be in the hands of the chairman,
Col. C. S. Gadsden, by August 1. Be-
sides these there will be one vacant
scholarship in the disposition of the
City of Charleston. Information con-
cerning this scholarship can be obtain-
ed from the city authorities."

Anti-Trust Delegates.

Wednesday the governor received a
letter from Chicago announcing the
postponement until Sept. 13-16 of the
proposed conference on combinations
and trusts that was to have been held
in that city this month. The governor
was asked to appoint seven delegates
to the conference to represent this
State. This he did, announcing the following:
First district—J. H. Marshall.
Second district—L. W. Youmans.
Third district—J. E. Boggs.
Fourth district—T. L. Gantt.
Fifth district—J. S. Brice.
Sixth district—A. H. Williams.
Seventh district—S. H. Rodgers.

Ate Poisoned Candy.

Mrs. Elsie Scheib, 610 Ellis Street,
San Francisco, ate of some candy re-
ceived by mail on Friday and since has
been seriously ill with symptoms of arse-
nical poisoning. On the day mention-
ed a box of candy and a letter were re-
ceived at Mrs. Scheib's house. They
had not been sent to her, but were ad-
dressed to her friends, who frequently
visited her. The box was opened and
some of the candy was offered to a half
dozen young women who were employ-
ed as dressmakers by Mrs. Scheib.
They declined to take the candy, but
Mrs. Scheib ate a small quantity. Soon
afterwards she became alarmingly ill,
with every symptom of having been
poisoned by arsenic. Antidotes were
administered and she is recover-
ing. Much mystery surrounds the case.

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THE CROPS AND WEATHER.

What the Department of Agriculture Says About Them.

The following is the weekly bulletin
of the South Carolina section of the
climate and crop service of the United
States weather bureau issued last week
by Director Bauer:
Columbia, S. C., July 4, 1899.
The week ending July 3d averaged
lightly cooler than usual, especially
over the western portion of the State,
during the latter half of the week, with
minima temperatures generally below
50 degrees.

There were numerous showers from
June 27th to the 30th, heavy and well
distributed over the eastern half of the
State, and light over the north central
and northwestern portions, where the
rainfall was poorly distributed, and
where more rain is needed, except over
very limited areas.

Over the areas of deficient rainfall,
crops are not making satisfactory
growth, but over the eastern portion of
the State generally, they are up to,
or above, their average condition on
July 1st, and are generally very prom-
ising.

Worms continue to destroy corn; but
worms to injure tobacco; and caterpil-
lars to devastate rice; while lice on
cotton have appeared at various points.

Cotton continues to make season-
able growth and is blooming and fruit-
ing freely, with no reports of shedding.
The plants are generally undersized,
but vigorous and healthy. The nights
have been too cool latterly for the best
development of sea island cotton.

Corn, in a few sections, very prom-
ising, but on the whole it is below its
seasonable average condition. Wire
worms are destroying old corn at many
points. Corn is being laid by.

Tobacco varies greatly in condition,
with many reports of injury by bud
worms. In places the need of rain is
urgent. Cutting and curing is as yet
making slow progress, although some
inferior grades have been sold in